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would repay the tourist better than that from Lenoir across the Blue Ridge to the Watauga Valley. The "Grandfather" always forms a prominent feature in it, and what with the cloud shadows playing over the landscape, and the azure veil which this atmosphere hangs over all things to soften and subdue them, I can imagine nothing finer.

—Mrs. J. A. Oertel.

CHINESE STORIES.

THE Chinese are great readers of novels, and their novels, as a rule, are entertaining. They are never dull, whatever other faults they may have, and they are as full of plot and intrigue as the old Spanish drama. Several have been translated into English, the best known being "The Two Fair Cousins," which was a great favorite with Leigh Hunt, who declared its author was a man of genius. Its hero, if I remember correctly, is a young student (or what answers to one outside the Central Flowery Kingdom), who is more than a match for his rivals, and who has the art of writing poetry at the shortest notice. And very good poetry it is, too, so good that I should like to have written some of it.

They have children's stories, too, as well as novels, these much-reading Chinese, and the lesson which they teach is always the same—obedience to parents. It underlies the entire social fabric in China, and when that falls China falls. "There are," says Confucius, or some follower, speaking in his person, as Plato did in the person of Socrates, "there are three thousand crimes to which one or the other of the five kinds of punishment is attached as a penalty; and of these no one is greater than disobedience to parents. When ministers exercise control over the monarch, then there is no supremacy; when the maxims of the sage are set aside, then law is abrogated; and so those who disregard filial duty are as though they had no parents. These three evils prepare the way for universal rebellion." This old-fashioned doctrine does not prevail in "Young America," however it may in old China, nor would any American child read more than once such a story as this, which is taken from a Chinese toy-book, entitled "The Twenty-four Filials:"

"During the Han Dynasty lived Ting Lan, whose

parents both died when he was young, before he could obey and support them; and he reflected that, for all the trouble and anxiety he had caused them, no recompense had yet been given. He then carved wooden images of his parents, and served them as if they had been alive. For a long time his wife would not reverence them; but one day, taking a bodkin, she, in derision, pricked their fingers. Blood immediately flowed from the wounds; and, seeing Ting coming, the images wept. He examined into the circumstances, and forthwith divorced his wife."

The best collection of Chinese stories, that I have

The spectators advised him to give a poor plum and send him away, but the villager would not consent. The workmen in the market, disliking the noise and clamor, furnished a few coppers and bought a plum, which they gave the priest. He, bowing, thanked them, and turning to the crowd, said, 'I do not wish to be stingy, and request you, my friends, to partake with me of the delicious plum.' One of them replied, 'Now you have it, why do you not eat it yourself?' 'I want only the stone to plant,' eating it up at a munch. When eaten, he held the stone in his hand, and taking a spade off his shoulder, dug a hole in the

ground several inches deep, into which he put it and covered it with earth. Then turning to the market people, he procured some broth with which he watered and fertilized it; and others, wishing to see what would turn up, brought him boiling dregs from shops near by, which he poured into the hole just dug. Everyone's eyes being fixed upon the spot, they saw a crooked shoot issuing forth, which gradually increased till it became a tree, having branches and leaves; flowers and fruit then succeeded, large and very fragrant, which covered the tree. The priest then approached the tree, plucked the fruit, and gave the beholders; and when all were consumed he felled the tree with a colter, chopping, chopping for a good while, until at last, having cut it off, he shouldered the foliage in an easy manner, and leisurely walked away. When first the priest began to practice his magic arts, the villager was also among the crowd, with outstretched



GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN, N. C.—R. E. FIGUET.

seen, is entitled *Liau Chai*, or "Pastimes of the Study." One of its many stories (there are sixteen volumes of them) illustrates a singular case of deception that reminds me of the jugglery which Mephistopheles practiced on the students in the wine-cellar. It is short, and it has a moral, if the reader cares for one. "A villager was once selling plums in the market, which were rather delicious and fragrant, and high in price; and there was a Tau priest, clad in ragged garments of coarse cotton, begging before his wagon. The villager scolded him, but he would not go off; whereupon, becoming angry, he reviled and hooted at him. The priest said, 'The wagon contains many hundred plums, and I have only begged one of them, which, for you, respected sir, would certainly be no great loss; why then are you so angry?'

neck and gazing eyes, and completely forgot his own business. When the priest had gone, he began to look into his wagon, and lo! it was empty of plums; and for the first time perceived that what had been distributed was all his own goods. Moreover, looking narrowly about his wagon he saw that the dashboard was gone, having just been cut off with a chisel. Much excited and incensed, he ran after him, and as he turned the corner of the wall, he saw the board thrown down beneath the hedge, it being that with which the plum-tree was felled. Nobody knew where the priest had gone, and all the market folks laughed heartily."

—Henry Richards.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

—Von Knebel.